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his great flat head rising in the middle
and slowly nodding as it were toward
her the eye still pressing into her eye.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS

A writer in the United States Magazine pronounces the following description of a young girl, charming by a rattleshake, one of the most remarkable and beautiful descriptions ever penned:

"Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes — bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossy masses, making a cool, trailing arch over the

the time or such institutions, as required by the demands of the people, is past. Banks are to be chartered—[if the machinery for the manufacture of paper money is to obtain a legal existence—it will be in obedience to the desire of the capitalist as a mode of investment suited to his tastes and habits]—and of the speculator, as a means of place within his reach the impiment of monopoly. There may have been a time when banks of issue served the people, and were of service to the people; but that time is past. On occasions upon which a new air of

analyzing with a moved form of terror
and of beauty, may readily account

son flowers. Her eye communed
vacantly with these; fastened by
starlike shining glance, a subtle ray
that shot out from the circle of green
leaves, seeming to be their very eyes
and sending out a fluid lustre that
seemed to stream over the space be-
tween, and find its way into her own
eyes; very piercing and beautiful
was that subtle brightness of the
sweetest, strongest power. And now
the leaves quivered and seemed to

ject of the banker is—always in greater or less degree, and in many cases exclusively—to use the people for his own benefit—that benefit being, not the legitimate profits of banking business, but the irregular successes of a hazardous speculation in commodities which are held to be desirable for the purpose in proportion as their prices are uncertain and their value subject to fluctuation.

running the death note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which

tastic mazes, unfolding ever-charming varieties of form and color to her gaze, but the star-like eye was ever alone, fast, bright and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened with strange loneliness upon her own—how beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every beam it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed, also, but with a dreaming sense which conjured up the wildest fancies, terrible, beautiful, that took her soul away.

the precious metals increase in quantity; in an equal degree is diminished the spirit of speculation. It was thought by many, and rationally enough, that so huge a tide of gold and silver was of late years being poured into the channels of trade that paper money—whose existence was supposed to be owing to an actual want of the precious metals, would disappear. This has not proved to be the case. On the contrary, gold and silver are only the basis for the issue of paper that they were before.

venom which they secrete will mingle with the life blood in her veins.

spell. She would have had, and would have flown, but she had no power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which irradiated with its bright white gleam; but over, as she stretched forth her hand, and bent forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as a mocking-bird makes. When angrily it raises its dusky chest and flaps

ed. This is to be regretted. The stimulus of a regular and gradual increase of money in a community gives an admirable liveliness to trade, vigor to industry, reality to the transactions of business, and solidity to the general condition, labor is well rewarded; the enterprising and careful grow rich, and the poor live better and more easily. But as in the human system so in the body politic there can be nothing more productive of dangerous irregularities than an excess of stimulation. Had the

in her despair, that, as a last effort, she succeeds to scream—a single wail, cry, forced from her by this accumu-

"More than once in her survey of this strange object had she heard the shrill note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was still upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird.

side that flowed in from California we should have been enjoying, at this time, a sufficiency for every business purpose of money whose character a bank failure can affect, instead of this trashy currency, which men fear to hold from one day to another, and concerning whose value, the only thing of which they are fully convinced is that it is *doubtful*.

the curb, until at length, tired as
were of play, like the cat with her
victim, she sees the neck growing

but seemingly only of hers; now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward her, as if wooing her to seize it. At another moment reviled to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but if all this time the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew fixed—a very principle of light—and such a bright, a subtle, burning

that banks of issue can create capital. We do not know how many times we have been informed that if Cincinnati could only have eight or ten millions of bank capital—by which was meant banks authorized to issue eight or ten millions of paper dollars—its prosperity would be secured. Looking at past events and present conditions, we have the right to believe that while that eight or ten millions of bank capital would not have been represented by a single million employed in other business

feel that the summer air is unchange with this evil presence, and nature

grave, and binds us as we look—
shooting, darting directly into be-
eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its
sense of discrimination, and confusing
strangely its sense of perception.
She felt dizzy; for as she looked,
cloud of colors, bright gay, various
colors, floated and hung like so much
drapery around the angle object that
had so secured her attention; and
spell-bound her feet. Her limbs feel-
momentarily more and more insecure,
her blood grew cold, and she seemed
to feel the gradual freeze of voi-

occasions of an annual fifty millions of speculation and at least its own bulk in bankruptcy. In fact, the present mercantile soundness of Cincinnati is the result of *not* having had that same eight or ten millions of bank capital; and it is true that the *repute* for solvency and solidity which this city enjoys abroad, as well in Europe as America, is not only attributable, but is *actually* attributable to the fact that we have been in great measure destitute of those bank facilities whose services to the com-

see how all the benignities of nature
are at war with the spirit of the

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as if of warning, flew away from her station with a scream more piercing than ever. This moment had the effect for which it seemed intended of bringing back to her a portion of that consciousness she had been nearly deprived of before. She strove

Whatever may once have been the case, it is certain now that speculation and paper-money-banking go together, and that one is the inducement for and, probably, very accurate measure of the other. Now it would require more space than we have to spare to enumerate all the mischiefs that spring from the

us, and the doubtful credit of money concerns here and elsewhere, was to be found in the consequences of the

presence, but for a while she strove to vain. The rich, star-like glance that riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, in the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling of most annoying uncertainty and dread

to say that in a great majority of cases the speculator ends by impoverishing himself is to begin with that which is of the least importance. It is the public that is the sufferer and if we could only get at the total amount of the tax that is annually paid by the people of this Union, the consequence of speculation in art

that occurs, there is or has been somewhere an adequate cause, we may seem to be talking

and threw her arms backward, her hands grasping the neighboring trees, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement came, however, the full development of the powerful and dreadful mystery before her.

...bear so enormous that we should be willing to part with all the conveniences that spring from the use of bank paper credit, even were they as great as they have been represented, if with it we could get rid of the effect of those mischievous operations of which they have been ever, and now more than ever before, the origin and exciting cause.

That there is a consciousness among the masses to this effect we do not en-

wound to with the verge broken announced the nature of the splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of a monster rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had been associated. She was at length conscious enough to perceive and feel her danger; but terror had deprived her of the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still glared the eye, boatfully bright and piercing

you a plan I adopted some years ago to keep dried apples two years. As soon as may be after they are dried I put them in flour barrels, half a bushel at a time, sprinkling each layer with whiskey a. the rate of a pint and a half to a barrel, and head them up tight, they come out the second year as bright and as nice as the day they were put in, without any smell or taste of "hell broth" about them.

W. B.

should be sufficient to convince a
who feel any sympathy with the
movement of the popular mind the

lous reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to wind himself up again into his muscular ring.

misfortune seems like an age of pain
Brevity is the soul of wit,